

## The Cincinnati Star.

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THE STAR is the only STRICTLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER published in Cincinnati. It is taken and read by people of all parties and shades of opinion, and it seeks to present the news of all kinds fairly and faithfully, with justice to all and with especial favor to none.

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THE STAR, 220 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, O.

No politics for five days, if you please.

The King of Burmah has been invited to sober up. If drinks are conducted in Burmah on the American plan this is probably the first invitation the old republic has declined for six months.

Mrs. Henry T. Miller, of Chicago, has been recently robbed of three thousand dollars' worth of diamonds. She is not an actress, however, and the motive of the advertisement is not apparent.

Baron Bial, who recently died in Europe, never missed a night from the gaming table for forty years. His perseverance was duly rewarded, as he finally came out only \$1,000,000 short.

This is the Emperor William's golden wedding day. If the venerable potentate could see the German flags that are flying in this city today he might imagine Cincinnati was celebrating the event.

Boston is now being paved with blocks of asphalt on a base of pulverized limestone. This is where Boston differs from that other place which is paved with good intentions on a base of pulverized brimstone.

Yesterday was a gloomy day for Americans on foreign race courses. Parole came in sixth for the Ascot stakes, and Norman, a horse owned by an American, lost 10,000 francs for her proprietor at Paris.

The new Governor of Roumelia is a stiff-necked prince. He declines to elevate the Turkish standard, and he stubbornly refuses to cover his cap with the Turkish fez. The Sultan is therefore mad and threatens to hang the prince's Roumelian hat down over his ears and to larrup him well with his Roumelian flag pole.

The dispatches were in error in announcing the death of Howard Paul in England, as it was upon his wife and not himself that the hand of death fell heavily. Howard Paul is a native of Philadelphia, although he has spent much of his life abroad, and he is the author of several light plays which have met with decided success in Europe and America. The wife whose loss he mourns was formerly Miss Isabella Featherstone, a vocalist of considerable reputation.

Last winter the Mexican Government, with a great flourish of trumpets, announced that it would hold a grand International Exposition in 1881, and passed a half-million appropriation. That was the racket. They have discovered that the building alone would cost the amount of the appropriation, and that they could not raise the amount if they would, so they have decided to abandon it. That is the stick. The whole thing was a bombastic Mexican fizzle.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young, and Pan piped peacefully his simple strains, the world dreamed not of the day when Song should hold her national festivals and singers should gather from near and far to do her homage. But as the world grew in wisdom it grew in harmony, until there is now no holiday that excites its people to a more intense enthusiasm than the day devoted to music. No victory of war could call forth such a display of gay banners or arouse among our citizens a deeper interest than are manifested at these feasts of melody. The brilliant decorations that float on the breeze do not welcome warriors from battle fields, and the portraits that greet our gaze at every turn are not the faces of sanguinary soldiers. The welcome is to the devotees of Music, and the portraits are those of the masters who have contributed to her lasting glory.

The United States Minister to Russia, the Hon. E. W. Stoughton, who has lately come home on a visit, says that the Nilist troubles in the dominions of the Czar have been grossly exaggerated, and that nearly every material statement made about them is absolutely untrue. Most of the letters dated St. Petersburg or Moscow or Odessa never saw St. Petersburg, and of his own knowledge Minister Stoughton pronounces the most sensational statements contained in them false. The Russian people are not deeply infected with Nilism, and it is not true that whole classes of students have been arrested and shipped off to Siberia or locked up in dungeons, or that there was any serious disaffection in the army, or that women of respectability had become members of the secret order. The sensational and damaging reports as to the social and political state of affairs in Russia are about as traceable to British sources where the "wish is father to the thought." These positive statements of the American Minister seems a good deal

## JUST IN TIME;

OR,  
A REMARKABLE TRIAL!

A STORY FOUNDED ON ACTUAL OCCURRENCES.

BY  
JULIAN G. NOE,

AUTHOR OF "DEFTY," "FRATERNAL FLOWERS,"  
"BLACKMAIL," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

MR. BLACK CALLS ON MISS CECEL CLAYTON—  
HE REFUTES A SLANDER AND ADVISES THE  
YOUNG HEIRESS.

The morning following her adventure at the "Travelers' Rest," Cecil, cast down by her failure, took refuge in Clara's boudoir. But Clara was ill fitted to cheer her in not she felt that she had been alighted in not being informed of her friend's misadventure. Not knowing the inner history of the Clayton family, she could not possibly understand why Cecil should expose herself to such dangers. Yet Miss Clayton, "I thought I had a clue!"

The sorrow-stricken girl came in for a sound beating, which her inherited pride rebelled against.

An outbreak of passion was the result. Then Clara, seeing that she herself was the cause of it, attempted to soothe her. Thus engrossed, they heard neither the ring at the door-bell, nor the soft voice, a few minutes after, inquiring for Miss Cecil Clayton.

"What is it, Jane?" said Clara, answering the servant's light rap at the door.

"Mr. Black," repeated Cecil, "I don't know any such person."

Clara laughed merrily.

"Relative of Mr. White, Brown, or Green, likely, dear."

"What does he look like?" asked Cecil, impatiently.

"Like a coal-heaver, or a bricklayer, ma'am," returned the servant.

Cecil descended to the parlor floor.

In the vestibule, just outside the door, which the servant had left ajar, stood Tom Black, watched by one of the domestics.

"What is it, you wish, sir?"

"To see you," replied Tom, his eyes half-averted.

She did not recognize her preserver of the previous night, as he was dressed in an entirely different manner, and wore his hat low down on his forehead.

And no voice was changed and gruffer than usual.

"What is your business here?"

"Let me see Miss Cecil, and I'll tell you."

"But, sir, I—"

"I'm roughly dressed and tough looking, but that's what the matter, I assure Mr. Black," interposed.

"But I am a young man," exclaimed Cecil.

"So you are? Guess you're mistaken!"

He had almost succeeded in getting into the hall.

Cecil placed herself in the vestibule, naming the ingress.

"Well, I don't think you heard my name last night," continued Tom; "but you've seen me knock over the tellers what was going to hurt you."

Her countenance changed, a smile of recollection taking the place of the puzzled, half-angry look.

She ushered him into the drawing-room, at once. He closed the door behind him, as he entered, remarking:

"I'll just take that little presentation!"

In an instant Cecil had it open again.

"How dare you!" she demanded, indignantly.

"Only to keep others from hearing something which Miss Clayton wouldn't like to have heard—a chunk of her history!"

"What know you of me?"

"Good deal—nuff to pay for listenin' a minute or two. But leave the door open, if you like, ma'am."

"I'm here, principally, ma'am, as book-learned folks would say, to ask if you'd take a fool's advice, and go back to yer home in Connecticut?"

"Go back home!"

"That's what I said."

"What do you mean?"

"Soon as possible."

"For what?"

"For yer own good."

"For you will explain, I may."

"Unless yer get out of New York, Clerk—Jared Clark, yer know—he'll do something to ruin you, and you'll be the author. He's under lock and key at present, but how long he'll stay I can't begin to say. I put up a job on him for your sake; if you'll promise to go home, I'll unwind some part of it for you."

"I promise."

"He quick answer seemed to give him intense satisfaction."

"That's it, and get out soon as yer can."

"You are not what you seem, my man!" said Cecil. "Who are you?"

"To you I'm a friend," was the laconic reply. "My name's Tom Black, and I'm a amateur detective."

"Ah! Perhaps, then, you know—"

"What I know?" he interrupted.

"I don't hire you!"

"No, I hire myself."

"His voice began to impress her with the belief that she had heard it before the previous night; but as she had not seen the midnight burglar, a scrutiny of Mr. Black's features proved nothing.

Perhaps he guessed her thought.

"Never mind questions!" he said, hastily.

"What I've come for is that. That individual Clark made yer a visit yesterday, didn't he?"

It is not generally supposed that detectives repeat to outsiders intelligence given them to aid in working up a case; then only the detectives and the God was in the witness—how did this man before her know sufficient to be able to speak so confidently?

"He did call."

"I suppose he told you a good many things, in course? Did he say anything about you?"

"He heeded, as if uncertain whether it were wise to proceed, and then finished the sentence—"your mother?"

"Yes."

"Did he say she is alive or dead?"

"The question was not asked, nor did he volunteer to tell."

"Ah, so," muttered Tom. "Well, I can tell for certain sure as she is alive, and kicking in this city."

If he had anticipated seeing her rejoice at the tidings, he was disappointed.

"That really concerns me little," she replied coolly. "What I wish to know is not that the supposed Mrs. Clayton is living, but whether I can get the certificate of her first marriage—her legal marriage."

"Oh, ho!" cried Tom, "that's the way the kites fly, eh? He's told you that thumpin' lie, has he?"

Cecil started.

"Is it false, that John Clayton's wife was a bigamist?"

"Is it? I'd like to throttle the cur for tellin' such a yarn. Certain he lied, the dastard!"

Although in a frame of mind to be convinced, she yet hesitated to accept this denial.

Again doubts intruded.

Who but her father or uncle could disprove Jared Clark's story?

Both were dead. Who, then, save Clark, knew the Clayton family?

Black had heard her father declare, some years back, that not a soul had ever been

revealed the family secret; and this man, seemed to know all.

"How can you deny the story?" she asked, her eagerness abating.

The sailor shifted from one foot to the other, as if made uneasy by the question, and replied:

"Don't be so particular. What I tell you's true. Mrs. Clayton's alive and well in body anyhow, and she's no bigamist either."

"Where can I find her?"

"Can't find her till I say so. I'm a friend as will stick by yer if yer do just as I say; if yer don't, I'll back down. You've got a mother as would be a honor to any gal—she's as pure as a saint—purer'n a good many as is called saints."

Cecil sighed heavily, still doubting.

"There will be no harm, I suppose, in doing as you direct. Hope has almost faded; I am a little what is done. In this world, I am to be miserable because of the faults of others and my own combined, and I cannot avoid what is to be."

Her sadness seemed to recall the man's jolly manner, which had been lacking during the interview.

"Beggars by parting, Miss Clayton," he said, "whatever it is to be won't be, if you're careful. Pack up yer duds, and get out of the city to-morrow night, at the latest. And take a prettier with you—a male petticoat; I'll send one."

He sent an escort!

"No, my good man, am I to be honored with?"

"One as knows yer putty well—Mr. George Nowting, ma'am; he'll never go back on you, and he'll do anything to beat his old man."

"I will accept him."

"That's his ticket!"

The next moment, the mysterious Black was gone.

Cecil determined to keep her word. George Nowting could not, unless he had grown hardened, find it in his heart to do her an injury.

Throughout the remainder of the day, she busied her brain endeavoring to find some reason for placing confidence in this strange, unorthodox friend. But she felt sure that he and her midnight visitor were one and the same.

She took from her writing desk the sealed envelope. Its lid, which she had fastened with a seal of wax, she broke.

"Small if," she asked herself, then, overmastering her curiosity, replaced the little packet in the receptacle to which she had previously consigned it. "No, I must not let it be anything but as far as the opening of this man's advice, the opening of this packet before I have authority, may destroy all."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRISONER AT THE "TRAVELER'S REST"—  
CHLOROFORM.

Jared Clark remained a prisoner in the little room at the "Traveler's Rest," having his food brought to him by one of McCord's men. Nothing was done toward an investigation of his alleged offense.

The checkered villain was surrounded by desperadoes as unscrupulous as himself, and was expecting to become a settled convict—a proof being adduced that he had intended betraying the habits and boarders—would furnish the newspapers with another mysterious murder or drowning case.

Beneath the flooring of the saloon was a vault, and in just over for the storage of ice. Cecil, the dark walls of that vault have conspired, many a case of "accidental drowning" would have had a refutation, and many "unaccountable suicides" would have had lifted from them all disaster.

But the ebbing and flowing tides, and the rocking, dripping walls were dumb.

"Crime, crime, crime!" The very air filled with it—its commission shrouded. The sun of day shone as brightly on that old frame building as on the house of purity. The pale moon looked down on that lazar house as on the building dedicated to the God who sets it in the darkness. The time was not yet when light should shine into the hidden pit.

Retribution often makes long delay. When it overtakes the guilty, the rushing of a mighty whirlwind is not more sudden.

Two nights after Clark's incarceration, and one after Tom Black's interview with Cecil Clayton, while the guests were asleep, the man of mystery crept quietly down the stairway at the head of his seven-by-nine room.

Suddenly he gripped his way to the door of the prison, which he unlocked. On the threshold, he paused.

The inmate's heavy breathing satisfied him that he slept. He entered, closed the door, and took from his pocket a red cotton handkerchief and a small vial.

A small black wax taper next drawn out. This he lit with an odorless match, using the left hand as a shield to prevent the tiny flame waking the sleeper, who was chained to the wall.

Irons were upon his ankles, and a heavy chain extended from the manacles to a staple in the brick, which allowed him small latitude. He lay on an old mattress, his head resting on his arm, which was hanging over the edge.

Tom set the taper behind a piece of lumber, resting against a beam, and took up the handkerchief and vial.

Uncorking the bottle, he held it on one side, that the fumes of its contents might not reach the sleeper's nostrils, or his own, and tipped the chloroform into the handkerchief.

Then, with a hasty glance toward the door, as if fearful of interruption, he crept close to his victim, and thrust the saturated cloth under his nose, at the same time holding down his head.

He struggled hard, but could not lift his hands to push away the penetrating drug, and could not stir for assistance, because the ground covered his mouth. But a moment he lay there, sunk stupefied.

Tom replaced the apparatus in his coat, and put his hand in his victim's left hand pocket.

What he wanted was not there.

He tried to rise and brought forth a bunch of large keys, with another of small attached.

Smiling grimly, he extinguished the taper, went out as quietly as he had entered, locked the door, and returned to his bed.

By sunrise, he was in the street. He was sure that the lawless "captain" had not seen him, and that any story of pocket-picking by the aid of chloroform, would only result in a laugh at his own expense.

Tom's destination was Jared Clark's brown-stone mansion on Third Street—a place seldom used by its owner save at night.

He went boldly up the steps and let himself in with one of the keys which he had stolen.

CHAPTER XVII.

TOM PROVES HIS FRIENDSHIP IN A REMARKABLE MANNER—WHO IS HE?

Mrs. Weeks sat alone by the basement window.

Philip Everleigh had gone out to post a letter to a church in the West, which he had determined to accept, and forego another term at college.

The widow Weeks, since the episode of the book of poems, and the carte of Cecil Clayton, grew more social with the young student, and the two had many confidential talks.

But he had heard her father declare, some years back, that not a soul had ever been

reveling the family secret; and this man, seemed to know all.

"How can you deny the story?" she asked, her eagerness abating.

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